

# The Oxford County Citizen.

A. B. Horrick 6-10-17

VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 3.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1917.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

## SECOND DRAMATIC EVENING

At Mr. Upson's Music Room,  
Friday Evening, May 25  
Miss Schoenle, Director

It is said that the Nineteenth Century was the age of the novel, and the Twentieth is of the play. At any rate, a new era of dramatic art has been established, and a new class of playwrights have come before the world. Perhaps the most striking is Lord Dunsany, the young Irish peer, whose title extends back over fourteen generations. He deserves the title of nobleman, for his early rigid training in clean living in Dunsany Castle, when he was not even permitted to read the newspapers—gave a vigorous tone to his mind, and his early training in Bible literature has given him a style at once the wonder and despair of his contemporaries. He is said to be one of the best shots, cricketers and horsemen in Ireland, but is best of all a good man and a soldier. His plays are the plays of the day, among critical professionals, especially in New York, and the one to be given on Friday night, "The Lost Silk Hat," is called a "brilliant spark flicked off the empyrean of the artist"—and in its one act characterizes four points of view.

**PROGRAM.**  
"In the Shadows," Ernest Yandryk  
H. Fink  
"THE LOST SILK HAT"  
A Comedy in one act  
by Lord Dunsany.

The characters appear on the program as they come on in the play.  
The Laborer, Mr. Wm. J. Upson  
The Clerk, Mr. Wm. S. Hastings  
The Poet, Mr. Chester Howe  
The Policeman, Mr. Frank E. Hanson  
Scene—A London Street.

Music, La Boheme, Puccini  
Played by R. Epstein.  
Scene from a Neapolitan Fata.  
Tarentelle

Miss Schoenle, Mr. Upson  
Intermission.  
Music, Madame Butterfly, Puccini  
Played by R. Epstein.

**"THE REVENGE OF SHAMPOO-SU SAMU."**  
A Japanese Comedy in two acts.  
Characters, as they appear—  
Mogul-fa, called "Cherry Blossom,"  
(A Japanese girl educated in America),  
Miss Schoenle  
Nina Beaumont, of Boston,  
Miss Mildred Beaumont  
Kioto, (A Japanese nobleman, educated in America),  
Dr. Wm. Foster  
Harold Armstrong, (A young American business man, masquerading as a Japanese),  
Mr. Burton Rose  
Mrs. Beaumont, of Boston, U.S.A.,  
Mrs. Henry Hastings  
Toy-ama, Cherry Blossom's mother,  
Miss Ernestine Philbrook  
Shari-Hot-Su Samu, the learned elderly scholar, Advisor to the Mikado,  
Miss Alice Eames

Act 1st, In a Japanese home.  
Act 2nd, In a Japanese garden.  
Musical Selections on the Welter-Migson.

**LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE.**  
The following named committee has been appointed Liberty Loan Committee for Bethel, to assist in giving publicity to the need for immediate and ready response to the call for subscriptions to the Liberty Loan. Members of the Committee are as follows—J. G. Pack, Chairman, Seth Walker, J. M. Philbrook, E. B. Kilburn, A. B. Horrick, F. L. Edwards, I. C. Jerdan, M. L. Thurston, H. M. Upton, J. G. Gehring, E. M. Walker, E. A. Tibbatts.

These comprise the directors of the Bethel National Bank and the trustees of the Bethel Savings Bank, with the other bank officers.

Circulars giving full information may be obtained at Bethel National Bank and also subscription blanks. Applications may be made through Bethel National Bank.

These bonds are issued in exchange for the first year and two other years. The oldest in good condition is in good condition and is in good condition and is in good condition.

Outlets: Majority report after one to four

Further plowing and sowing. No one crop used but of doubtful value.

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## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

### UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

The morning service in this church will be omitted next Sunday. The Sunday school will meet at 10 o'clock as usual, and the meeting of the Y. P. C. U., at 7 P. M. Topic, "Christian Courtesy."

Our Mission Circle will meet with Mrs. O. M. Mason, Thursday afternoon. Watchword, Our Opportunities.

The Universalist State Convention meets in Rockland, June 4, 5, 6, 7.

C. E. service at 7:30 in the evening. Wm. C. Curtis leader.

There will be a Christian Endeavor social next week; one of the kind where you tell how you got the money, followed by a merry time.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. A. P. Copeland, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**  
Last Sunday's services were well attended. The Men's Bible Class is one of the interesting features of the work.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the church, Wednesday afternoon.

The Women's Home Missionary Society will hold their regular meeting on Thursday night, 7:30, at the home of Mrs. Horred Andrews.

This church will join in the Union Memorial service in the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

The usual session of the Sunday school will be held at 12:00.

Evening service at 7:00. Subject of sermon, "God's thought of the sinner." All are welcome.

Class meeting on Tuesday night at 7:30.

**OUR VILLAGE TRAGEDY.**  
Walking down our street one summer's day, with a man whose name stands as one of the great financiers of our country, he remarked musingly, "I do not believe there is a place on earth where fine sympathy is so developed as in a New England Village!"

This remark came back to the writer as he watched last Friday evening a group of fifty men and white-faced boys seated, starting into the night to search for what might be a great need, or a tragedy! The long waiting hours which elapsed before the three shots were heard which were to announce the finding of the unfortunate sufferer, were filled with appreciation of the quality of the characters of the dear people among whom we live. Brothers, all, springing to meet a call for help.

The writer can only say that he is glad to be one of this community and to express the thanks of the son and family who deeply feel what was done for the husband and father—as well as his own gratitude for the quick response to a sudden and terrible need.

Mr. G. Wharton Smith of Baltimore, was a man of unusual charm. An educated and cultivated man of fine family, but burdened with a frail body which was a life-long burden. He was some six years ago greatly benefited by a stay in Bethel and returned to ask for further help. The pressure upon his mind of the war, with two sons about to enter into its whirlpool, sent about his already greatly oppressed vitality, apparently pressed to the breaking point. A man with a host of friends here and elsewhere, leaving us with none but gentle and tender memories.

J. G. Gehring.

**CARD OF THANKS.**  
We wish to express our thanks and appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown as in our recent bereavement, for the words of comfort and sympathy by the pastor and friends, to the Masses, business acquaintances, and to all others who extended kind offerings.

Mrs. N. F. Brown,  
Mrs. and Mrs. J. A. Brown.

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## GOULD'S ACADEMY

Ruth Brown taught at West Bethel last week.

William Hall spent the week end at his home.

George Philbrook was a guest at Holder Hall over the week end.

The Y. W. C. A. will give a silver tea Wednesday afternoon from four to five at the home of Professor Hanson. The public is invited.

Miss Helen Farquhar, student Y. W. C. A. secretary, made her annual visit to our school last week and was received more enthusiastically by the students than in past years.

Gould's base ball team played against the Mechanic Falls team Saturday. The boys played a splendid game, the score being a tie, 7 to 7, until the eighth. The final score was 12 to 7 in favor of Mechanic Falls.

Monday night a bacon bat was held at Sunset Lodge under the direction of the Y. W. C. A. to which all the girls of the school were invited. On Tuesday afternoon Miss Farquhar spoke to the association and guests. Her message to the girls was inspiring. She discussed ways of giving our association work practical by giving up unnecessary things such as candy; by simple dressing; by canning vegetables and fruits during the summer, and by cooperating with the local Red Cross work. Following this meeting a reception was held in honor of the speaker. The entire student body was privileged to listen to Miss Farquhar during chapel exercises Wednesday. She told of the work which is being done by students for war relief, emphasizing the thought of sacrifice throughout her talk.

During her visit she met each member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and outlined the work for the coming year. While we feel that the work has progressed during the present school year, we confidently expect that the influence of our association will mean more to our school in the year that is to come.

The senior class has been fortunate in securing for the Commencement Concert, to be given June 8th, the Cello Browne Trio, of Boston, with Miss Mabelle Barr, also of Boston, as leader. The trio consists of Miss Cello Browne, violinist; Miss Kathleen Piper, cellist, and Miss June Reed, pianist. The popularity of this company is evidenced by the following:

Westerly, R. I.: "Miss Barr has ability far above the average, and good judgment in choice of selections. She understands thoroughly how to please her audience."

Waltham Free Press: "Who has heard Miss Browne's violin playing needs no introduction to this gifted young woman, who certainly excelled all previous performances in the concert of Monday evening."

Waltham Free Press: "Miss June Reed plays with great skill and sympathetic interpretation."

Waltham Free Press: "Miss Piper played two 'cello solos that won for her much favorable comment by her audience and Boston critics, was predicted a brilliant future."

**VARIETY SHOWER.**  
The members of the Croquet Club and invited guests gave a variety shower at the home of Mrs. D. T. Dorell to Miss Helen Frost in honor of her approaching marriage to Mr. Ernest Hans of Norway.

Miss Frost was taken entirely by surprise and was the recipient of many beautiful gifts of cut glass, china, linen, money, etc. Attached to each gift was a short verse which Miss Frost read as she opened her gifts.

An original poem was read, music and refreshments enjoyed and all departed wishing much joy and happiness to the groom of the evening.

**RED CROSS AUXILIARY.**  
The Bethel branch of the Red Cross has started in supplementing the courtesy of Mrs. D. T. Dorell to the rooms over the store of J. W. Hanson. Co. have been secured, furniture, ready some sewing machines, and a new and better table, and all departed wishing much joy and happiness to the groom of the evening.

The rooms will be open to the public and the public is invited to call.

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## GRANGE NEWS

### PARIS GRANGE.

Paris Grange began to hold evening meetings May 19 at 8 P. M., with a fair attendance. The Maine State Grange Lecturer, C. O. Purinton, of Bowdoinham, gave a very interesting talk on some of the leading questions that the Grange have to contend with. Sisters Kate Hammond and Annie Wheeler gave a character song. A vote of thanks was extended to Bro. Purinton for his excellent talk. The next meeting of Paris Grange will be June 2 at 1:30 p. m.

### FRANKLIN GRANGE.

The regular meeting of Franklin Grange was held May 19 in the afternoon. Over eighty members were present. The third and fourth degrees were conferred. After the work was over refreshments of cake and coffee were served. The next meeting, June 2, is an evening meeting. There will be a social after the business session. Mrs. Elsie Cole, Mrs. Miss Bacon and Mildred Perkins are the committee to select the games. An interesting program is being prepared. At the last meeting worthy Master Hanno H. Cushman presented the Grange a large flag. It is now unfurled beneath the piazza of the hall.

### PLASANT VALLEY GRANGE.

Plascent Valley Grange, No. 135, Bethel, held its regular meeting Tuesday evening, May 22. Officers present: Chaplain, Gate Keeper, Pomona, Ceres, Flora. There was an attendance of seventeen members and one visitor. One candidate was instructed in the first and second degrees. It was voted to have a special meeting on Saturday evening, June 2, to confer the third and fourth degrees. Literary program was short:  
Reading, J. W. Mather  
Tending, Emma Mills  
Remarks, L. A. Sumner, J. W. Mather, H. N. Head.  
Grange closed in form.

The talk given by C. R. Leland from Mechanic Falls at the Grange Hall, Saturday evening, was both interesting and instructive.

### NORWAY GRANGE.

A special meeting was held by Norway Grange on May 19 to confer the first and second degrees. Meeting called to order by Worthy Master G. W. Richardson at 2 P. M., with all officers present. The opening exercises included a song, "Work for the Night is Coming," by the Grange. Degree work was then taken up and eleven candidates were duly instructed in the first and second degrees. After a cordial hand shake the candidates retired in the fourth degree.

At the regular meeting May 26 an all day session will be held. Sisters Alice Marston and Flora Newcomb, and Brother Chas. Frost will act as reception committee. Sisters Lolla Watson, Virgil Munkel and Bro. A. T. Crocker will look after the decorative features. Flowers from any and all will be very acceptable, for they are "Nature's smiles," and we want miles of them.

A standard feature, in connection with the regular program, has been arranged by the Lecturer during seed time and harvest, in this way:—That, whenever able to be present those mentioned below are earnestly requested to give a talk, or short report of the condition of the kind of vegetation assigned to them. One particular idea cannot fail to bring to notice the flora of our country in entirely and a more intelligent knowledge will be had of production in an unlimited radius:

Gardens—W. B. Pierce, W. B. Buck, Olin Upton, Will Delane, Parley Russell.

Figurative:—C. W. Buck, H. Bridge, Gammon, E. I. Jackson, Alphonse Lovagley.

Orator:—A. B. Abbott, G. W. Richardson, Edgar Dunn, Fred Lovagley, Frank Gammon.

Singer:—Virgil Dunn, John Howe, Irving Brown, Geo. Dunn, Arnie Goodwin, Carroll Thompson, Howard Knight, Fred Hersey.

Orator:—Willard Buck, Charles Gammon, Edna Greenleaf, Arthur Horrick, Eugene French, Carl Barker, May, General Outlook—F. P. Towson, Donald Pike.

Prayer:—North Knightly, Edna Swan, Isaac Cox, Edgar Goodwin, Emma Dunham, Miss Pierce, Mary Perry, Joseph Buck, Fred Abbott, Industrial Features:—Vernon, the Henshield—Eugene Lovagley, Geo. and Richard.

Remarks from all members of the Grange.

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## BETHEL INN

### Happenings of the Week

Mr. F. Watkins of Boston spent the week end at the Inn.

Edward Lyons was a guest of H. M. Manning for dinner, Thursday.

Miss E. M. Ripley, cashier at the Inn, is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

The guests at the Inn are planning fishing parties to Norway Lake in the near future.

Mr. Geo. Morrill of the firm of Burnham & Morrill, corn packers, was a recent visitor at the Inn.

The ladies at the Inn are knitting many useful articles for the Navy League and the Red Cross.

Mr. W. J. Upson made a trip from Portland by auto last week and reports the roads in excellent condition.

The Bethel Inn has planted a pole upon the lawn where the Stars and Stripes will be seen from sunrise to sunset.

Plans are being made to rush the work of repairing the Buxton homestead that it may be in order for the Summer.

Mrs. Wm. O. Stillman of Albany, N. Y., a recent guest at the Inn, is planning to visit Bethel again during the fall months.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Carroll, Norway, Me., with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dow of Lynn, Mass., motored from Norway to dine at the Inn on Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Aker of Springfield, Mass., with Mr. A. R. Clark of Bethel's Mills, Me., stopped at the Inn recently. Mr. Clark formerly lived in Bethel.

Mr. H. C. Rand with a party of five stopped at the Inn for lunch Saturday. Mr. Rand is the first fishing party to stop here on their way to the Bangsleys.

The Red Cross meeting at the Bethel Inn Friday evening was very well attended. The Camp Fire Girls made a very pretty appearance as they marched into the Club Room where the meeting was held.

Among the traveling men we were pleased to welcome this past week were: F. L. Harlow, Gorham, Me.; G. L. Knapp, Berlin, N. H.; F. W. Currier, L. M. Young, Thomas W. Kilson, H. M. Manning, R. A. Skinner and H. P. Whitney of Boston; W. H. Norton, John G. McIntosh, Geo. S. Fabry, Orlando Libby, H. A. Woodside, I. N. Fontaine and Mayer Selberg of Portland; A. G. Pratt and F. L. Follenby of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**DISTRICT MEETING OF REBEKAHS.**  
One of the most successful District Meetings was held with Sunset Rebekah Lodge on Monday night with 135 present.

The grand officers present were: Julia Marley, Vice President of the Grand Assembly of Maine; Eva M. Kimball, Grand Chaplain; Sophie D. Clark, District Deputy President. Large delegations were present from Norway, So. Paris and West Paris, and the degrees were conferred on one candidate.

Supper was served at six o'clock and refreshments at the close.

A short program was given consisting of:  
Phases Duet, Doris Frost, Mabel Davis  
Vocal Solo, Mena Martyn  
Phases Solo, Doris Frost

Norway Grange will soon have a day meeting over their hall.

Opening Song, "The Good Old Plow,"  
Routledge and business,  
Degree Work.

Staging, "America,"  
Address of Welcome,  
Response, W. M. G. W. Richardson  
W. M. M. Harfield Pike,  
Reading, "Declaration of Purpose,"  
Song, Selected,  
Paper, "Who is the best member of a Grange?"  
Reading,  
Special Period, Ruth Noble, Chairman,  
Songs, Selected,  
Address, W. B. G. W. Richardson,  
Closing prayer, W. B. G. W. Richardson,  
Closing song, "The Good Old Plow."

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## WANT COLUMN.

Put your Want and Sale notices here and they will be read in 3,000 Oxford County homes—4 lines, 1 week, 25c. 3 weeks 50c.

**NOTICE.**  
I wish to announce to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I am prepared to do all kinds of plumbing and repair work at a reasonable price, also sheet metal work. All work carefully and promptly attended to.  
ALBERT BURKE,  
Bethel, Maine.  
Telephones—Shop, 19—12; Res., 29—7

**FURNISHED ROOMS.**  
AUTO AND TRAIL CONVEYANCE  
C. C. FRYANT,  
2 Mechanic Street, Bethel, Maine.  
Telephone Connection.

**YOUNG'S SHOE STORE.**  
THE FAMILY SHOE STORE.  
Early buying will save my customers dollars.  
MODERN SHOE REPAIRING.  
Phone 14—4.

**DR. AUSTIN TENNEY, Oculist.**  
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and the fitting of Glasses. Office at house of Clarence Hall, Bethel. Last Saturday of every month. All work guaranteed.  
Office hours—8:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M.

**WANTED:**—Two Protestant men to drive single teams, must be temperate. Pay sixteen dollars per week.  
GEORGE F. FARWELL & CO.,  
20 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass. 5-24-17.

**NOTICE.**  
Our dental rooms will be closed Thursday afternoons, beginning May 17th.  
DR. F. B. TUELL,  
DR. E. L. BROWN.  
5-17-17.

**FOR SALE:**—Registered Holstein Bull, Johanna, Price, Anzab, No. 100, 107. Born Sept. 6, 1915. Girths 5 ft. 7 in. Half white and nicely marked. Bred from heavy milking strain. Will exchange for good cow.  
H. E. BENNETT,  
5-17-17. Mayville, Bethel, Me.

**LOST.**  
A mileage of about 170 miles. Find or will please return to Citizen Office.

**OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.**  
broken or any condition. We pay up to 45¢ a set, according to value. Mail at once and get our offer. If unsatisfactory, will return teeth.  
DOMESTIC SUPPLY CO.,  
5-24-17. Binghamton, N. Y.

**FOR SALE:**—A square plane, old fashioned but in good condition. To be sold at a very low price. Now stored at Bethel Methodist Parsonage. No inquiry of

MRS. T. C. CHAPMAN,  
5-24-17. 99 Foss St., Biddeford, Me.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**  
Miss Florence Hale, State Agent for Rural Education, will visit the schools of the district this week.

Miss Hale will speak in Greenwood City at 7 P. M., on Thursday evening and at West Bethel on Friday evening at 8 P. M.

**MEN'S CLUB.**  
Prof. Reeves J. Ham of Bowdoin College will talk about Russia as he knows it from a recent visit of six months duration.

The meeting will be held at Bethel Inn, Wednesday evening, May 23, and a general invitation is extended to all.

**WORMS HANDICAP YOUR CHILD.**  
Worms drain the vitality from the body of children, making them ill and nervous. Their presence is indicated by many signs. If you have a child who is ill, nervous, or who has a poor appetite, it is likely that he is infested with worms. Get a good worming medicine and give it to your child. It will not only get rid of the worms, but it will also strengthen the child's body and improve his appetite. The best worming medicine is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a blood purifier and a general tonic. It will get rid of the worms and it will also give your child a healthy, rosy complexion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold everywhere. Get a box today and give it to your child. It will do him good.

At all drug stores.

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## The Home Circle

Pleasant Reveries—A Column  
Dedicated to Tired Mothers  
as they Join the Home  
Circle at Evening Tide

### OUR HOME GARDENS.

We are all busy these bright Spring days, but some of us have a way of carrying with us a silver cord, and weaving into our lives the joy of growing things, lifting our work from monotonous drudgery to that of the artist's point of view. I think I have said, over and over again, that it is a blessed privilege to create and beautify a home; it is a work in which we find a divine thought that makes the heart bound. There is no work broader than the making of a home, and the whole world responds to the Home, Sweet Home of Howard Payne.

There are many demands in the home, varied as are the needs of humanity, and to sweeten the labor necessary for the keeping of the home we must have an outlook that will produce an uplifting joy; our surroundings must take it out of ourselves. Nothing will more surely do this than a well kept lawn, with trees, plants and vines. Work has been done to quite an extent by women and children, but many homes are pining for the same thing, for a generous taste for those surrounding influences that lift us out of the rut of drudgery and make life better, stronger and happier for each and every member of the family. With this purpose in view I decided to take up the work that can be done on a lawn and garden by a woman. One of the greatest achievements has been in growing pansies in abundance.

As soon as the soil was frost free and workable, I spaded a bed a foot and a half wide on the south and east side of the house, mixing in a generous amount of well-rotted manure and garden soil. I raked this over very fine and sowed four packages of mixed pansies which I planted thinly in rows; I think every seed sprouted, and when the young plants had their second leaves, I thinned them out and transplanted, setting the plants about two inches apart. The plants made rapid growth, the buds appearing in the greatest profusion and the flowers gradually developing in great quantities, in the greatest variety of colors. It is an old time tradition that pansies will not grow in the sun but my experience has exploded this. The ones on the south side of the house received the sun throughout the day, and the plants were as vigorous and the blooms the equal of those growing on the east side of the house. We picked the blossoms every day and the neighbors and visitors were supplied with the lively, full faced beauties.

They bloomed continuously all summer and fall. Just before winter came in earnest I covered the beds with straw, placing boards here and there to hold it in place. To make it a more pleasing winter sight we covered the boards with evergreen boughs. Early in the spring the beds were uncovered and the plants were full of buds, and soon a mass of beautiful flowers, admired by all who came our way. Each year I add one or two new varieties. I have the Giant White Spotted pansy, whose flowers are very large. They are pure white with a violet blotch on the three lower petals. The Snow Queen pansy is pure white, with a yellow dot in the center of the flower, sometimes marked near the center with faint blue or delicate lines. The Black Prince pansy has a distinguished appearance. The color is a rich, glossy, velvety black, the flowers are very large and grow upright well above the leaves.

Children's Home Gardens. Hundreds of thousands of children, the country over, are happier and better and more useful because of their interest in school and home gardens. These gardens are productive of better children physically, mentally and morally. The exercise in the open air and sunshine, during the years when the bones, muscles, heart and lungs are making the most rapid growth is the best influence for present and future health and endurance and usefulness. Combined with these physical benefits, in these hours of healthful and happy activity is the wonderful influence of nature through contact with developing plant life.

It is not necessary that children's gardens be on school grounds or excels for by groups of children. Much of the best work of this kind is done by children at home, on such bits of land as they find and robbing from neglect. In these times of high cost of living, even ordinary thrift demands that we use every available aid to economy in making gardens of such various pieces of ground as are available.

However, the best result of gardening for children is not the crop raised; these who have watched children work in school and home gardens know that boys and girls become better boys and girls become more manly and gather a rich fund of experience for use in the future household; that children become much stronger and healthier; that their little time is profitably occupied; that they become intensely interested; that they learn much of the greatest of all industries—agriculture; that they learn to do things with their hands—the dig-



**Good-bye Repair Bills**

THE Bay State banishes thoughts of repairs. He protects your house, wagon, barn or boat like a faithful watch dog. Anything paintable is safe under his care. To use Bay State paint is downright economy. It goes farther—and does more as it goes—than any other paint. Test it.

There are all kinds of Bay State Paints. Each has a special job to do and it does it with interest. Send for our booklet about paints. It will help you forget there ever was a repair man.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.  
Largest Paint and Varnish Dealers and only Carriers of Lead in New England

If your dealer does not carry Bay State Liquid Paint send direct for prices and color cards.

**Bay State Paints**

Illustration of a paint can with the Bay State logo.

foliage.

Last year I added the Masterpiece or Ruffled pansy, and I have found it just as easy of culture as the common varieties. This pansy has the appearance of being double, although it has just the same number of petals as the other pansy flowers, the difference being they are crimped and curled. I have had some blooms of this variety that measured three inches across; a mixed package of seeds will produce many striking colors and combinations. The Giant Hortense Rose is one of the most attractive pansies in my collection. The flowers are large, each petal being blotched with rose, varying in shade, but all beautiful. Emperor Frederick is also very attractive. It is a deep velvety brown, shaded into a narrow band of deep, golden yellow. The Peacock pansy is a beautiful blue, edged with a thin, white line, within which is a purplish crimson, which passes into a rich central blotch of blue, shading to black; the blended colors resemble those of peacock feathers.

This year I purchased a packet of the sweet scented pansies, which have the perfume of the violet and the beauty of the pansy, as a result of the crossing of the pansy with the sweet violet. The blossoms are of an endless variety of colors, measuring two to two and a half inches across.

I have learned by experience the necessary things for the successful growing of pansies is a fine, rich soil; the soil kept moist by generous sprinkling; an occasional application of liquid manure, and keeping the blooms picked. This is one of the principal things that must be done, for if the flowers are allowed to run to seed the life work of the plant is accomplished and the floral activity ceases. It seems almost a pity to me to urge the busy homemakers to plant some pansy seeds. Very few are the flowers which repay one so well for the little care and attention.

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## CANTON

Mrs. Sarah Tasker has gone to New Hampshire for the season.

Albert Lavorgna has enlisted for the war.

Friends in town will be interested in the marriage of Miss Lucy French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harmon French, formerly of Canton, to Mr. Harry Skilling. They will reside at Westbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waite of Portland have been guests of his mother, Mrs. Louisa T. Waite, of Canton Point.

Miss Lida Abbott is visiting her brother, Will Abbott and family of East Peru.

A. H. Ray has purchased the Alden stand next to his residence on Pleasant street.

Mrs. Marion A. Smith will entertain the Universalist Circle, June 7.

Mrs. Hazel H. Bassett of Auburn is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Nellie Hutchinson, and son.

The Christian Endeavor Society enjoyed a banquet at the G. A. B. Hall, Thursday night. A business meeting was followed by games by the young people.

Mrs. Mary B. French and daughter, Mrs. Jennie F. Hollis, are spending a couple of weeks at Old Orchard.

Miss Nina Russell has gone to Portland and Mrs. Lucy Elliott of North Rumford is caring for her mother, Mrs. A. F. Russell.

Prin. D. B. Partridge was the recipient of a May basket, Tuesday evening from the pupils of Canton high school. Besides confectionery, a beautiful silver spoon with a facsimile of the Old Fellows block engraved thereon was in the basket.

M. A. Waite purchased a pair of heavy work horses of Lewiston parties and Asa Campbell and Alton Tyler each one.

W. Scott Robinson has been engaged to deliver the Memorial address at Canton, May 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dimick and child are visiting relatives in Norway and Auburn on their way home to Newton Highlands.

Noyes Cushman has purchased the Dority house at Gilbertville and moved his family there.

Miss L. B. Treadwell will deliver the Memorial sermon at the United Baptist church, May 27th, at which the G. A. R. and Corps will attend in a body.

John Davenport of Hartford is very poorly.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Martin have gone to Rangeley for the summer.

Mrs. D. W. Piper of Hartford has gone to West Peru to spend the summer with her grandchildren.

"The Little Savage," was presented at the Opera House, Saturday evening by Livermore Falls local talent, a good crowd being in attendance.

Waldron Morse entertained eight of his little friends, Saturday, in a most delightful manner, the occasion being his 9th birthday anniversary. The principal part of the afternoon was devoted to playing ball. Delicious refreshments of chocolate and vanilla ice cream, all kinds of nice cake, cookies, ginger ale, and confectionery were served in the dining room, which was attractively decorated in red, white and blue.

A fine birthday cake with nine candles containing a piece of money and a silver button, was cut, Earl Tilley receiving the money and Frank Patterson the button. Each child was presented with a base ball and one of the candles for souvenirs of the occasion. Those present were: Earl Tilley, Willis B. French, Edward Richardson, Roy Dymond, Herschel Ellis, Frank Patterson, Junior Johnson and Francis Hill.

Thinking of Plants:—Avoid having plants too crowded. Thin the plants when two or three inches high, on a cloudy day, when the soil is moist. Take up a little soil with each plant to be transplanted. Use a trowel or an old kitchen knife or fork. Do not pull up a plant without first loosening.

Picking of Flowers:—Do not allow flowers to go to seed. Pick them every day to get best results. The foregoing suggestions, by no means original with me, may help some one to make a success of the first attempt at window gardening.

The window box and back yard give practically every child an opportunity to have a garden of his own. The interest in growing plants, started on this small scale, is likely to develop into something permanently worth while. Not the least valuable outcome of the child's garden may be a closer bond of sympathy between parent and child, due to the fact that the parent takes an interest in the work and co-operates with the child in developing and enjoying the garden.

One who has watched with care the effect of school gardens and home gardens upon different communities says: "The well being of a nation is not to be measured by total figures of wealth, and by the number of individuals who are doing well. The spread of children's gardens is to be a tremendous force for individual well being throughout the land." Personally, I believe that nothing will better counteract the time war more probably engage the attention of our boys and girls, through times usually given over to idleness, than the home garden, including flowers and vegetables. Some organizations are offering prizes for beautiful yards. Why not offer prizes for children's gardens?—W. W. Thoms.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. ROSE STORRETT, Edge Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

## BLUE STORES

Have You Seen the New Styles?

The new Spring and Summer things are ready:

SUITS AND TOP-COATS; RAIN COATS AND SLIP-ONS; HATS AND CAPS; SHIRTS for all occasions; nobby NECKWEAR and Dressy HOSIERY. A store full of bright snappy patterns; the latest production of the leading makers.

The newest shapes and colorings; goods to meet every man's requirements; styles to every man's taste and prices to fit his pocketbook.

Medium weights for immediate wear and light weights for the hot weather.

Be comfortable; well dressed; economical and a customer of the "Blue Stores."

F. H. NOYES CO.

NORWAY 2 Stores SOUTH PARIS

IRA C. JORDAN

DEALER IN

General Merchandise and Haskell's Feed

BETHEL, MAINE

## Ladies Boots for \$3.00

We have a large lot of Ladies' Button Boots, Gun Metal and Patent Kid, both high and low heels, all sizes from 1 to 8, D and E width, which we are selling for \$3.00 per pair. These boots were bought on a low market and for that reason we are able to sell them for this price. These same boots at today's market would cost \$4.00 or \$4.50 and when these are sold we will have to get that price for the same quality, and manufacturers tell us that prices are going still higher. We have about 500 pairs of these boots but they are selling rapidly. It is a good time to buy them now.

## E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

Opera House Block, Telephone 38-2

NORWAY, MAINE

Maurice Howes and family have moved from Mechanic Falls to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Partridge went to Norway, Friday, to visit relatives. Mr. Partridge has returned but Mrs. Partridge will remain for a week or two.

Forrest Adkins, who was employed cutting wood near the Leavitt four corners, fractured his leg between the knee and ankle, Wednesday, when a tree he was cutting fell on him. He is at the home of Mrs. Sarah J. Bailey for the present.

The Canton Universalist Circle has accepted an invitation to meet with the Canton Point Circle, Thursday, May 24th.

Mrs. Lena Carver has been a guest of Mrs. R. E. McCollister.

"The Ladies' Aid" held a pleasant meeting last week with Mrs. Nathaniel Thomas of No. Hartford. A bountiful dinner was served and a large number were in attendance.

About \$30 was realized for the Red Cross Auxiliary from "tag day."

Arthur Bennett and family have moved from Lewiston back to their farm in Hartford.

The committee have made the following arrangements for the flag raising next Saturday, which will be at the home of the Grange meeting: J. W. Thompson, Commander of John A. Hodge Post will preside. Prayer will be offered by Miss L. B. Treadwell, and addresses given by Hon. J. J. Swasey and Prin. Donald B. Partridge.

A veteran of the Civil War will raise the flag. Patriotic songs will be by the school children with the several teachers in town in charge of the music.

Gustavus Hayford, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. G. H. Johnson, and family, left for Kennebago, Monday for the summer.

A social was held at Canton Point, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Sarah E. Reynolds is slowly improving in health, although still confined to her bed.

Mrs. John Briggs and daughter have been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Briggs at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, and found them improving slowly, though still in a serious condition.

Miss L. B. Treadwell has been spending several days with her sister, Mrs. Harry G. Clark, of South Portland.

"The Pioneers and Talents" will be the subject of Mrs. Treadwell's evening talk at the United Baptist church next Sunday evening.

## DIXFIELD.

The funeral services of Mrs. Sybil L. Dillingham, whose death occurred Saturday morning, was held at her late home, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock with a large attendance of relatives and friends. Rev. Manley B. Towns, pastor of the Methodist church, officiated. Mrs. Dillingham was 62 years of age.

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The tablet form of this old reliable remedy makes it possible for you to check any illness at the very onset. It is a safeguard against coughs, colds and other catarrhal conditions, no matter what symptoms are manifest. Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane that lines the breathing apparatus and the digestive apparatus. PERUNA relieves catarrh. Intabulet form it is EVER-READY-TO-TAKE.

Its prompt action makes it invaluable for men and women exposed to sudden changes in the weather or compelled to be out in snow and rain.

It will also be found most satisfactory as a tonic following an attack of illness.

CARRY A BOX

Wherever you go, travelers and school boys, carry a box of Peruna Tablets in the car or pocket. It is the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and other catarrhal conditions. It is the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and other catarrhal conditions. It is the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and other catarrhal conditions.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

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affair of Thursday evening and auction party were, when Mrs. Ernest used the Auction Club. Aid of the Methodist held food sales twice in a summer months.

ORENESS RE-  
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breeding and lifting proved to be a strain on become sore and stiff, and in pain. Sloan's you quick relief, easy strates without rubbing the soreness. A clear an money planters or the may stain the skin. Always have a hot-packs, soles of rheu-ridge, gripper, brushes, and all external trouglet, 25c, Adv.



## Cotton Dresses For Girls

Dainty styles that are new, made in all sizes, 2 to 14 years.

Prices are very low when you consider quality. Buy them today. Dark or light colors, either plain, plaids or stripes.

Some are empire style with the full skirt and pockets. Materials are Crepes, Devonshire, Gingham, Poplins, Muslins.

Prices 50c, 59c, 75c, 95c, \$1.49, \$1.95

## Ladies' Summer Sweaters

The weave is light and soft looking, more dressy colors than usual, Rose, Blue, Green, Purple, Tan, Gold. All have large collars.

Prices \$4.95, \$6.95, \$7.45

## New Summer Dresses

New styles in this week in colored voiles and the white with the color combinations.

Dainty light dresses in a great variety of new styles.

Heavier Goods made up in sport models, either solid colors or in combinations.

Prices Reasonable, \$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95, \$7.95, \$9.95.

ANOTHER BIG LOT of children's ready-to-wear hats for spring and summer.

25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.95.

We carry Pictorial Patterns.

**BROWN, BUCK & CO.**  
Norway, Maine

## COTTAGE STUDIO ITEMS

Norway, Maine

For one year we have made very satisfactory Kodak prints at prices which please our patrons.

Vest Pocket and small sizes, 40c each  
Hawala No. 2, 40c each  
Hawala No. 2A and No. 3, 40c each  
Hawala No. 2A (Post Card), 40c each

We furnish very convenient mailing envelopes for all sizes.

## WEST BETHEL.

W. A. Farwell has been able to ride over to the village twice the past week. Maynard and Richard Mills from Gorham, N. H., spent the week end with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Mills.

The river drivers are passing along this way, being camped near here. Ira Bennett went to Norway quite recently and returned with a new horse.

Thurman Shilinger has moved from the Flat road to Mayville.

## CLEAR AWAY THE WASTE

Bowel regularity is the secret of good health, bright eyes, clear complexion, and Dr. King's New Life Pills are a mild and gentle laxative that regulates the bowels and relieves the congested intestines by removing the accumulated wastes without griping. Take a pill before retiring and that heavy head, that dull spring fever feeling disappears. Get Dr. King's New Life Pills at your druggist, 25c. Advertisement.

## FOR SERVICE

### LOCAL BRED STALLION

Seal brown color; weighs 1,300; 4 years old; short neck; legs and body; a good work type; kind and gentle and a good driver; sired by the Belgian stallion Beau Typo Moore (84224) 5907; dam a Perkon mare.

Service Fee, \$12.00  
Collectible when mare proves to be with foal

**C. F. SAUNDERS**  
Hanover, Maine

**Tired!**  
Are you tired? Run down? Nervous? If so, you need Electric Bitters. It is a natural tonic. You are fit. Your system needs a tonic. Your stomach, kidneys and liver need stimulation. Bitters will do this better than anything else.

**Electric Bitters**  
Bottle, 50c. 25c. All Druggists

**Farmers Attention!**

In addition to our regular line of Flour and Grain we have added

**Portland Organic Fertilizers.**

The fertilizers are made up and manufactured along lines recommended by the Maine Experiment Station and also by our own customers.

**J. B. HAM CO.**  
BETHEL, MAINE.

## BETHEL AND VICINITY.

Mrs. A. E. Herrick was in Portland the first of the week.

Miss Mildred Bosserman was in Portland one day last week.

Miss Hazel Douglass was in Lewiston, Saturday.

Miss Mona Martyn was in Portland, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. French from Newry Corner were in town, Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Young and Donald have returned from Norway.

Mrs. Nellie Phipps of Milan, N. H., is a guest of Mr. F. L. Edwards and family.

Mrs. L. Arno was called to Milan, N. H., last week by the death of her mother.

Mrs. Frank Bartlett was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Perkins, at South Paris last week.

Mr. Howard Tyler was in Norway last Thursday to take the examination for Co. D.

Mr. Harry Sawin and son, Glyndon, were Sunday guests of relatives at No. Waterford.

Mr. Webb Grover and family have moved onto the Moses Grover farm on Robinson hill.

Miss Alice Willis, who has been spending the winter in Portland, has returned home.

Mrs. Clyde Lowe and little daughter were week end guests of relatives at Bryant's Pond.

Miss Ella Whitcomb has returned to Bethel and is with her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence Lavigne.

Mr. Winfield Wight of Bowdoin was the guest of Dr. J. H. Wight and family last Thursday.

Miss Hazel Arno arrived in Bethel last Thursday and is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. L. Arno.

Mrs. George Hapgood went to Massachusetts, Saturday, to spend several weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Norman Sanborn are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter born Thursday, May 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Inman were in Portland, Sunday, to visit their son, Walter, who is gaining rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Holt of No. Waterford were week end guests of their daughter, Mrs. L. W. Russell, and family.

Mrs. C. L. Davis went to Portland, Tuesday, and was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wormell, and family.

Miss Eleanor Bartlett of East Stoneham is spending a few days with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Russell.

Arthur Buxton and family and Miss Amelia Grever left Tuesday morning for Skowhegan, where they are to make their future home.

The Selectmen have appointed Hon. H. H. Hastings as Treasurer of the Town of Bethel to fill out the unexpired term of Mr. N. P. Brown.

Mrs. D. H. Spearin, who has been visiting relatives in West Paris, returned home, Sunday. Mr. Spearin went down to accompany her home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Corlie attended the Sunday School Convention at So. Paris, Tuesday, and from there went to Auburn to visit Dr. Baker and family.

Rev. Mr. Little will preach the Memorial service for E. P. Carpenter Post, O. A. R., in Postville, Mass., next Sunday and in the evening will supply the pulpit in the Universalist Church, Postville, where he was ordained in 1899, his first settlement.

Mr. Little was called to Albany last Friday to attend the funeral of Abraham H. Bess. Saturday he attended the funeral of David P. Abbott at West Bethel. Mr. Abbott was a veteran of the 26th Maine Inf., under Gen. Chamberlain, and wounded in the service, and received his discharge on account of the wound. For the last year he suffered severely from a cancer on his face, which was the cause of his death. Recently he fought his battle with cancer and to die the old soldier on the Maine Fighting Ground.

Mrs. Mary Allen spent the week end in Portland.

Mr. Ramick has joined his family at Mr. E. Barker's.

Leslie Coburn visited his parents the last of the week.

Gard Goddard is now stationed at Fort Ethan Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson were in Yarmouth, Tuesday.

Miss Minnie and Alice Capen were in Lewiston, Tuesday.

Miss Elvira Holt was the guest of Mrs. Harriet Herrick at Locke's Mills, Sunday.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Horace Andrews, Tuesday afternoon, May 29th.

Mrs. H. H. Hastings and Miss Mildred Bosserman were in Lewiston, Tuesday, shopping.

Miss Muriel Bunting of Yarmouth is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chandler.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Chandler of Auburn were guests of Mrs. Chandler's parents, Sunday.

Mrs. Mica Harriman has returned from South Paris and opened her house on Summer street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arrol Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Ramick visited with relatives in Norway, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns and family from Albany were calling at John Philbrook's, Sunday.

Meares, E. H. Young and A. E. Richardson started on a fishing trip to Richardson Lake, Tuesday.

Memorial Day Mr. Little will give the address at Bowdoinham for Thomas T. Hildent Post, 26, G. A. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hazell from North Waterford visited Mrs. Lizette Morse at J. F. Hastings', Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Derrington and son, Walter, of Portland are guests of her sister, Mrs. F. E. Derrington.

Mrs. Harlan Wheeler of Gilead was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerckhoven and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Thurston motored to Portland one day last week.

Mrs. C. W. Hall and Miss Harriet Merrill are attending the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star at Portland.

Mrs. Zenas Mills from Mason visited her sister, Mrs. E. H. Smith, Monday, and attended the Bethel district meeting.

Mr. J. Anthony Brown of Grand Rapids, Mich., was called to Bethel last week by the death of his brother, N. P. Brown.

Mrs. John A. Chapman came down from Gorham, N. H., Tuesday morning for a visit. Mrs. Percy Chapman accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Wiles of Norway called on Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowe, Monday, and attended the District Meeting of the Bethelites.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Strickland, Mrs. J. J. Merrill and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards of South Paris called on Rev. Mr. Little and Mrs. Burbank, Monday.

Mrs. R. B. Tibbitts and daughter, Mary, were in Portland, Saturday, to meet Dr. Tibbitts, who accompanied them home to spend the week end.

Mrs. W. T. Ashby of Carleton, Me., arrived Tuesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Tibbitts, and attend the graduation of her daughter, Miss Ruby Ashby.

Mrs. Howard Thurston will entertain the Western Club, Wednesday afternoon and evening. A baked bean supper will be served; the gentlemen are invited to be present.

**ALBANY.**  
A. R. Clark of Boston's Miss called on friends at Hunt's corner, Friday. Will Grever bought a large load of goods from Bethel for H. I. Bess, recently.

George Kimball was in town, Sunday, buying coal, oil, and beef and tallow.

Instead of marrying a man to reform him, the average woman marries him to reform him.

Have you asked the prices at

## ALLEN'S CASH MARKET

By paying cash and selling for cash we will be able to keep prices down

## "Always Loved Music-- Now Able to Play"



That's the experience of Hundreds and Thousands just like you. They have always loved music, always wanted to be able to play the Piano, or Playing, wished to play better; and now—Now, with the Playerpiano, enjoying the power to play any time they feel like playing!

That's just the wonderful thing about the Playerpiano. It makes your dreams come true! It brings to you instantly the facility which you have long envied in others, whose life was so arranged as to permit them to master the piano while you were denied this Opportunity.

Love of Music, desire to play—and now, ability to play the piano as you wish—these spell Happiness. Come in—To-day. Write for catalogues and prices.

**W. J. WHEELER & CO., South Paris, Maine.**

## "Safety First" For Automobile Owners.

MR. CAR OWNER—

Now that you are thinking about how soon you can get your car out for the 1917 season is the time for you to think about placing INSURANCE FOR THAT CAR.

**PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST LOSS OF your car by FIRE, LIGHTNING & THEFT.** Our policies cover the car at all times wherever it may be, on the road, or in any building in this country or Canada.

**PROTECT YOURSELF** against possible suits for personal injury, damage to property of others, and damage to your own car by collision, by a LIABILITY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, and COLLISION policy.

**WE HAVE THE COMPANIES! THEY ARE THE BEST**

**YOU HAVE THE CAR, AND YOURS IS THE LIABILITY. WE'LL BELIEVE YOU OF THE LIABILITY,** and it won't be necessary for you to turn the car in to pay the premium either. **THE RATES ARE REASONABLE.**

Write or phone, giving make of car, model year, number, and purposes for which car is used, and we will gladly quote you rates.

DO IT NOW.

**STUART W. GOODWIN**

NORWAY Insurance MAINE



## The Perfect Shingles

The word "perfect" is a much-abused term, but it is the one word that describes Neponset Twin Shingles. They are the perfect shingles. They embody everything you want and need in a shingle—good looks, lasting wear, fire-resistance and economy.

If you come in today and let us show you these beautiful

## NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

you'll agree that they are the perfect shingles. Neponset Twin Shingles are made of felt, asphalt and crushed rock pressed into one inseparable mass and surfaced with red or green crushed slate—they look like slate but cost less.

Whether you plan to build or repair now or later come in and see "The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century."

Due to the high cost of Cedar Shingles and the uncertainty of getting them we have laid in a stock of the above shingles. Cost only one half to lay them, take less nails, and with the lasting and fire proof qualities make them the cheapest and best shingle in the market.

**CHAS. G. BLAKE**  
Norway Maine

**RUN**

Emile Fournier new Hudson ton Joseph Maroon new Buick auto. Romeo Condon 63rd battalion London, Ontario. There is to be titled, "The Local talent for Cross Society, named later.

Lodie Richard home by the den will remain for earned employment room.

Miss Rosie Ne employed as a Hospital, has as the cutter room.

Merle Swett, w as operator in mill for the past of a position with Light and Water began his duties at Portland, Me. His in-law, Mrs. Gray Peter Malanson new Chalmers to The bank with Congress street out down, making to the street.

Miss Beatrice her duties for Mercantile Co., herlain has succe Alphonse Dupin visiting her cons of Falmouth stre Rumford and safe and sane year, for the sel have given notice the sale of firetion will be gra

Miss Elina G. for Miss Susan J. the public librai spends her vacati in Portsmouth, N. The friends of be interested to enlisted, and is sets. Mr. Chan clerk in the Rur but for the past position in the W

Very soon a la ing over the M Chemical Company as a staff has be J. J. Goodline rant in the sm street, recently v man the painter.

Mrs. Carl Ellis Canada, to join employment there culling the rent A. B. Spencer, at his home in has been taken pitat for treatm

F. F. Bartlett ing on a large Rumford Centre, large acreage of also raise a large vegetable. Mr. L have charge of t Freeman Cool the plumbing be

Mrs. F. F. For spending a compiver in Boston.

The family of gone to New Lon Boston has been a hospital there, stay there this

The little pu room at the Bl proud of their ne eased with mon patriotic buttons some one made e the building new Mrs. Rollins' eld has a silk one.

Mrs. Pete Dor arrived in town Island, Mr. De Rumford for se

Mr. and Mrs. J Haseck street tations upon the

Mrs. Deborah of the women of proud, to coming surplus of the lounge, to addi mending on May will be held in

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## RUMFORD

Emile Fournier has purchased a fine new Hudson touring car.

Joseph Marcous has purchased a new Buick auto.

Romeo Coulombe has enlisted in the 63rd battalion, Canadian army, at London, Ontario.

There is to be a comedy farce entitled, "The Doctor," presented by local talent for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. The date will be announced later.

Lodie Richards is in town, called home by the death of her uncle. She will remain for some time, having secured employment in the Oxford cutter room.

Miss Rosie Neghini, who has been employed as a maid at the McCarty Hospital, has accepted a position in the cutter room of the Oxford mill.

Merle Swett, who has been employed as operator in the Continental Bag mill for the past few years, has accepted a position with the Rumford Falls Light and Water Company, where he began his duties last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolano and little son of Portland are the guests of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Grace Johnson.

Peter Melanson has purchased a new Chalmers touring car.

The bank where the extension to Congress street was made, is being cut down, making a great improvement to the street.

Miss Beatrice Given has completed her duties for the C. H. McKenzie Mercantile Co., and Miss Lila Chamberlain has succeeded her as cashier.

Alphonse Dupill of Berlin, N. H., is visiting her cousin, Miss Clara Dupill, of Falmouth street.

Rumford and Mexico will have a safe and sane Fourth of July this year, for the selection of both towns have given notice that no license for the sale of fireworks of any description will be granted.

Miss Edna G. Lord will substitute for Miss Susan Jewett as librarian at the public library, while Miss Jewett spends her vacation at her former home in Portsmouth, N. H.

The friends of Harold Chandler will be interested to learn that he recently enlisted, and is on duty in Massachusetts. Mr. Chandler was formerly a clerk in the Rumford National Bank, but for the past year has held a like position in the Winthrop bank.

Very soon a large flag will be floating over the mill of the Fort Hill Chemical Company on Railroad street, as a staff has been placed.

J. J. Goodline has started a restaurant in the small building on Canal street, recently vacated by Will Freeman the painter. Rex Leek is the cook.

Mrs. Carl Ellis has gone to Ottawa, Canada, to join her husband who has employment there. Jack Renne is occupying the rent vacated by Mrs. Ellis.

A. B. Spencer, who has been very ill at his home in the Virginia District, has been taken to the McCarty Hospital for treatment.

P. F. Bartlett is to engage in farming on a large scale on his farm at Rumford Centre. He will have a very large acreage of sweet corn, and will also raise a large crop of all kinds of vegetables. Mr. Bartlett's brother will have charge of the work.

Freemont Collidge has taken over the plumbing business of Stanley Bisbee.

Mrs. F. F. Foshay and daughter are spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Boston.

The family of George Boston has gone to New London, Conn., where Mr. Boston has been for some time. Mr. Boston is taking medical treatment at a hospital there, and his family will stay there this summer.

The little pupils of Miss Rollins' room at the Bisbee school are very proud of their new flag, which was purchased with money obtained by selling patriotic buttons. The flag is a handsome one made of silk. Each room in the building now possesses a flag, but Miss Rollins' class is the only one that has a silk one.

Mrs. Peter Dority and children have arrived in town from Prince Edward Island, Mr. Dority having been in Rumford for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McKenna of Haseock street are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingstone, one of the women of whom Maine is justly proud, is coming to Rumford under the auspices of the local equal suffrage league, to address a public suffrage meeting on May 25th. The meeting will be held in the Methodist church.

Thousands of people in this State have known and used it in their families their parents and their grandparents used it before them. It is a safe, reliable medicine for use in sick headache, biliousness, nausea, constipation, sluggish liver and kindred ailments.

## You Are Not Experimenting

When you buy "E. F." Atwood's Medicine

It may be given to children if troubled with worms, the stomach or bowels, with very satisfactory results. Most all druggists and general stores keep it. As each bottle will relieve three or four cases. E. F. Atwood Co., Portland, Maine.

## PROFIT BY THIS

### Don't Waste Another Day

When you are worried by backache, by lameness and urinary disorders—Don't experiment with an untried medicine.

Follow Bethel people's example.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here's Bethel testimony.

Verify it if you wish:

Mrs. Walter E. Bartlett, Chapman St., says: "I feel that I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills and I gladly do so. I used this medicine some time ago and the results I received were in every way satisfactory. Since then, I have had no return of the trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bartlett had. Foster-McIlwain Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

on Franklin street, and there will be no admission charge.

The ball field of the Oxford Athletic Association has been ploughed and prepared for planting, at the expense of the Oxford Paper Company. The men employees of the mill will be allotted sections. As there is not enough land to meet the demands of the men, Hugh J. Chisholm, the president of the Rumford Falls Power Company, has placed at the disposal of the mill management, the large meadow on Lincoln avenue, which comprises several acres. The field on the other side of the avenue, owned by the Power Company, but known as Bisbee field, has been placed at the disposal of the boys of the Bisbee school.

The Oxford Paper Company are receiving large cargoes of coal, storing up for a possible shortage later. The Oxford Paper Company are to build another big trestle at once, with track 800 feet long, which will double their coal storage capacity, and will also reduce the unloading cost.

The Oxford County Teachers' Association will hold its next annual meeting in May, 1918, at Norway. The new officers of this association are: Merle C. Joy, South Paris, president; E. C. Glover, Turner, vice president; Frank Byram, Bethel, secretary and treasurer; Leroy E. Williams, superintendent of the Rumford schools, Miss Mary C. Dwyer, Norway, and P. E. Hathaway, South Paris, executive committee.

Arthur Belard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Belard of Vesper street, has purchased a fine building lot on Penobscot street near the high school building, and it is understood that he contemplates building on it soon.

Miss Esther Shepherd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Shepherd of Portland, but formerly of this town, is in town, and is acting as ticket agent at the Maine Central railroad station for a part of the summer. She will be located at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. Walker of Rumford avenue.

Mr. Carl Carrier was the guest of honor at a very pleasant little surprise lunch in the Universalist parlors on Thursday evening of last week. It being Mr. Carrier's birthday, some of his friends planned a little social gathering with supper at 6 P. M., some thirty or more guests being present. The rooms were darkened, and tables lighted with candles. A fine large birthday cake was presented, lighted by tiny candles. Mr. Carrier did a very scientific job in cutting the cake so that each guest should have a taste.

The Rev. Allen Brown on behalf of Mr. Carrier's church friends then presented him with a very fine library lamp which was accepted with much pleasure by Mr. Carrier, who expects soon to bring a bride to Rumford.

Captain Spaulding Bisbee of Co. B, Maine National Guards, made a hurried trip by auto to Rumford from Portland on Saturday last, returning in the late P. M. Captain Bisbee and aids were looking for deerstags. It being understood that four men of Company B have taken French leave, for which they will be sorry later.

The newly elected officers of the Parent-Teachers' Association for the coming year are: Mrs. M. P. Abbott, president; Mrs. Frank Reed, vice president.

Mr. M. Dunn late of Rumford, deceased; final account presented for settlement by Mark N. Burgess, administrator.

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dent; Mrs. Austin T. Hyde, secretary; Mrs. William Sinclair, treasurer.

Mrs. Harriette Wheeler has been elected sentinel of the Past Chief's Association of the Pythian Sisterhood.

Mrs. Alice Martin has been admitted to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston for treatment.

James J. McKenage has recently sold a lot of land at Mexico to Aitken Campbell of that town.

The engagement of Miss Ruth Doughty of Portland to Mr. George Eddy Merrifield of Stoneham, Mass., is announced. Miss Doughty was a former teacher in the Rumford schools, and a member of the Duxbury Club of St. Barnabas Episcopal church. Since leaving Rumford about a year ago, she has been located in Stoneham, Mass., as a teacher.

Anson C. Hayford, well known in Rumford, where he was formerly located, and who has during the winter acted as clerk for the American Realty Company at Oquossoc, is now at Kennebago, where he is building a storehouse for the company for use during their Stetson Township operations.

Jeff Thomas of Rumford, who has for several seasons past been living at Houghton on the John Houghton farm, has sold this well known farm to the American Realty Company, who have secured it because of its large acreage of timber. It is planned to carry the farm on, on a large scale, the produce to be used by the Company.

Mrs. P. E. McCarthy, who has been quite seriously ill, does not seem to gain very rapidly as yet.

Miss Hattie Varney is spending two weeks at her home in Turner.

Dr. H. A. Moody is driving a new Chevrolet runabout.

Henry Woods of the Virginia District has bought the Peters place on Virgin street. Mr. Peters, who lost his wife some time ago, has gone to Canada.

Mr. Hill, a government inspector, who has been in Rumford since the start on the new postoffice building, is now transferred to Portland on the new detention barracks being built by the government at the quarantine station on House Island, and another man has been sent to Rumford to be inspector on the postoffice, as well as on the government building that is being done at Berlin, N. H. Mr. Hill's family will remain in town until the close of the school, before joining Mr. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clean S. Osgood of Franklin street spent the week end at their camp at South Rangeley, opening it for the summer season.

A very interesting meeting of Parity Rebekah Lodge was held on Friday evening last, six members being initiated, and the annual roll call being held. Refreshments were served.

Twenty-seven members have been initiated in the past year, the membership now being 381. The District Meeting will be held with Welles Lodge of Dixfield on Wednesday evening of this week.

One candidate was initiated in Oquossoc Temple last Thursday evening. The committee on refreshments furnished apple pie, cheese, doughnuts and coffee.

On Monday morning of this week occurred the wedding of Miss Alice Luce, a Rumford nurse, and Mr. Adolph Orino, a clerk in Orino's Congress street fruit store. They left after the ceremony for a short wedding trip.

On Friday evening last, at about six o'clock, occurred the death of Mr. Charles Morse of Rumford Centre. Mr. Morse has been in poor health for some time past, suffering with Bright's disease and leakage of the heart. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from his late residence. He leaves besides his wife, a daughter, Mrs. Fred Coffin, who lives just above Rumford Centre, and a brother, James S. Morse of Rumford.

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## WEST PARIS

A Red Cross Auxiliary with forty members was organized at Centennial Hall, Thursday evening. Mrs. W. E. Jones of Norway gave an interesting talk on the work and assisted in the organization. Dr. F. E. Wheeler presided at the meeting and made excellent remarks. Patriotic music was sung. Miss Alice Edna Barden presided at the piano.

The churches and various organizations of the town were represented by people who sat upon the stage: Rev. D. A. Ball for Universalist church; Miss Ella Z. Berry for Baptist church; Miss S. T. White for W. G. T. U.; Mrs. Adney Tuell, Grange; Miss Digna Wall, the schools; Mrs. E. R. Davis, Rebekahs; Mrs. Leona Bidlon, Camp Fire Girls; Mrs. F. E. Wheeler, Eastern Star; C. L. Bidlon, Public Safety Committee. A nominating committee was appointed by the chair as follows: R. T. Elving, Mrs. E. R. Davis, Miss Wall, Mrs. L. H. Penley, Mrs. H. H. Wardwell, who nominated officers: Mrs. F. E. Wheeler, chairman of committee; Miss Laura Barden, secretary; D. H. Penley, treasurer. A collection was taken for the work, and \$5.00 was presented by the Pine Cone Club.

The Auxiliary will meet at Centennial Hall, Tuesday afternoon to perfect the organization and arrange for work. Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cummings, Miss Sara Tracy, Judge and Mrs. Jones of Norway, were the guests of the evening.

W. P. H. S. base ball team are sustaining the usual good success which these boys have had in past seasons. Saturday, May 12, they played against Gould's Academy on West Paris grounds winning the game with a score of 24 to 0. On Wednesday they played the return game against Mexico High on West Paris field, winning 13 to 0.

Wednesday a flag 5 by 8 was erected on the factory of L. M. Mann & Son by the workmen.

James P. Curtis had a bad spell the first of the week, but is much improved. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bates entertained their son, Vernal, and grandson, Theodore Bates, from New Haven, Conn., a few days last week, on their way to Little Concord Pond to make some arrangements around their summer camp.

Mrs. D. H. Field had a very bad illness from cold last week, but is gaining.

J. R. Tucker suffered a bad fall Friday morning which resulted in his being bruised and badly shaken, but no bones were broken. He was handling wire near a window in his barn chamber, which some way caught in his clothing and he lost his balance and fell through the window to the ground.

The graduating class of the grammar school enjoyed a box supper and social, Friday evening.

All who can be asked to help make wreaths for Memorial Day and to meet with Mrs. Columbia Danham at 8 P. M., Tuesday, May 29th.

The Red Cross Auxiliary met in Good Will Hall, Tuesday afternoon and 25 were present. Handkerchiefs were hemmed and knitting planned. It was voted to meet Saturday evenings and Monday afternoons for the present. Voted to accept the Grange invitation to meet in their dining room next Monday afternoon of two o'clock, and voted to accept the invitation to meet in Centennial Hall and to meet next Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Nearly 70 have joined the Red Cross so far. Sewing and knitting is needed. All ladies are asked to help.

Miss Elva Fuller, grammar, and Miss Ethel Cole, primary, are preparing their schools for Memorial exercises.

Guy Bartlett has recently purchased a heavy pair of work horses.

Urban Bartlett has closed up his business at Byron, Me., and returned to his home here.

"On account of ill health Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mitchell have moved from Locke's Mills to their home here.

Mrs. Rita Bean has returned home from Norway for her dressmaking in this vicinity.

Miss Gladys Davis from Newry was last week's guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan and family.

Robert and Wm. Hastings attended a base ball game at Mechanic Falls, Saturday.

Notice.

Senator Fernald of Maine has received a number of inquiries from his constituents concerning a chain letter now being circulated, which asks contributions to be used in purchase of Anesthetics for use in the war hospitals of Europe, where there is said to be a great scarcity. The Senator has taken this up with the Surgeon General's Department which informs him that no such shortage exists.

Upon the advice of the Surgeon General's department, Senator Fernald has referred the matter to the Postoffice Department, which is now engaged in an investigation of the chain letter.

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## SOUTH WOODSTOCK

The Willing Workers met Wednesday with Mrs. H. M. Andrews. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Grace Hilton in two weeks.

O. D. S. Stinchfield of Auburn was through here last week tuning musical instruments.

Alfred Thurlow went last Tuesday to South Lancaster, Mass., to attend the graduation of South Lancaster Academy and to visit with friends and relatives there.

Several from here attended the High school drama at Bryant's Pond, Thursday.

Ellis Davis recently visited at Norway.

A. M. Andrews and family called at Sumner Hill, Thursday.

Miss Edith Simpkin is having a two weeks vacation from her school in the Perkins District, and is visiting relatives and friends in South Lancaster, Mass., Worcester and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, Ellis, Mrs. H. M. Andrews and children, and Lydia Ross were in South Paris and Norway, Thursday.

Miss Edna Mason is a guest of Mrs. H. M. Andrews.

Winfield Noyes has a new Ford runabout.

George Davis has purchased a pair of steers of Sumner paries.

GARDENING PAMPHLETS.

Senator Bert M. Fernald has sent to the Citizen a number of copies of the latest Farmers' Bulletin, No. 818, entitled, "The Small Vegetable Garden," to be distributed among those who may desire copies.

This bulletin gives instruction in how to prepare and care for the home garden and is considered one of the best publications ever issued by the department in connection with this subject.

These may be obtained by calling at the Citizen office but will not be mailed unless a stamp is enclosed for postage.

SEEDS

In addition to the regular packets of garden seeds we carry the following seeds in bulk:

Nott's Excelsior Gradus Telephone Yorkshire Hero

Horticultural Pole Horticultural Bush Long Yellow Bush Carver's Red

Golden Bantam Early Crosby

White Spine Long Green

Mangel Wurzel

Alaska Clover Red Clover Choice Mammoth Clover Japanese Millet

Red Top Timothy Lawn Grass

Special price on field peas in lots of 4 qts. and over.

Carver's

10 BROAD STREET

Carver's

Carver's



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Attorneys-at-Law,  
Bethel, Maine.

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ARTIST, TAXIDERMIST,  
NORWAY, MAINE.

**W. C. GANNY, Agent,**  
Bethel, Maine.

**E. E. Whitney & Co.**  
BETHEL, MAINE.  
Maine & Granite \* \* \* Workers.

Charles Designs.  
First-Class Workmanship.  
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.  
See our work.  
Get our prices.

**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.



**QUARRIES, FACTORY LOCATIONS, MILL SITES, FARMS, SITES FOR SUMMER HOTELS AND CAMPS.**

Located on the line of the  
**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD**  
give opportunity to those desiring to make a change in location for a new start in life.

**UNDEVELOPED WATER POWERS, UNLIMITED RAW MATERIAL AND GOOD FARMING LAND**

Available development.

Communications regarding locations are invited and will receive attention when addressed to any agent of the MAINE CENTRAL, or to

**INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD, PORTLAND, MAINE.**

**LOCKE'S MILLS.**

Mrs. C. H. Tobe and daughter, Gertrude, visited with Mrs. E. L. Tobe at Auburn, Friday.

Mrs. Della Chase of Portland is home on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Brewster and friends from Lewiston were Sunday guests of Mrs. Brewster's brother, W. H. Hunt, and family.

Mrs. Charles Brown attended the funeral of N. P. Brown at Bethel, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Farrington and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrington were visitors at Mr. and Mrs. James King's at Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

W. W. Woodbridge, Allen Ames and Geo. Knight have purchased autos.

E. E. Carleton of Orono was a Sunday guest of W. H. Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gallant of Bethel visited with relatives Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Benson entertained company from Norway, Sunday.

Phonics class has gone to Michigan.

Mrs. Mary Bartlett and Mrs. W. H. Crockett attended church at Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

**NEWBY.**

There was a large party and dance at the Grange Hall last Friday. There was a large attendance and a good time.

The remains of David Abbott were brought to the Bethel cemetery last Saturday for burial. Mr. Abbott has been in poor health for some time, and had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. James King, at Northwest Bethel.

It is known that his big dog is named William of Sunday River.

**WEST PERU.**

Mrs. H. E. Foster has been very sick with heart trouble for several days.

E. W. Chatterton, Oscar Thompson and A. H. Tabor are working on the high way.

Mr. H. H. Sargent and son were guests at Mr. Sargent's last Sunday.

Mr. Elmer Sargent is visiting at his home after spending the past few weeks at H. H. Sargent's in Water Mills.

**DON'T LET YOUR ARMS HANDS ON**

A cough that racks and weakness is dangerous. It undermines your health and brings on neglect. Return to an agent with Dr. King's New Discovery. This coughing medicine cures the most stubborn coughs, the phlegm, the asthma, the whooping cough, the croup and the cold. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. Have a bottle handy to your medicine chest for gripes, croup and all bronchial affections. At drug stores, 50c—Add.

## POEMS WORTH READING

### AMERICA TO THE MOTHERS.

By Laura Sheldon.

If the bugles blow on the Springtime air  
And the guns start booming heavily;  
If the big bombs break and the build-  
ings shake  
And the tramp, tramp, tramp grows steadily

Will you come to me that my eyes may  
see  
The patriot fire in the souls you bear  
Will you charm my ears with your  
loyal cheers  
And glad my eyes with the smiles  
you wear!

Would I might know that each moth-  
er's way  
Her grief at war, was a bygone  
thing  
Would I might see, in her loyalty,  
That her haunting sorrow had taken  
wing!

For when warfare's wage—when the  
steel fires rage,  
'Tis a woman's heart that must feel  
the flame!  
As a mother gives, so a soldier lives—  
She may bleed with valor or curse  
with shame!

If the bugles blow, would I might  
know  
That the coward fear will I ever see  
With my steadfast will my own veins  
would thrill  
And naught could hinder our victory.

### WE TALK OF THE FLAG.

"Tell me about the flag," he said,  
As I was putting him to bed.  
"And why men wave their hats and  
cheer  
Whenever it is drawing near!"  
And so we stopped undressing then  
To talk about the time when men  
Were facing cannon shot and shell  
To serve the flag we love so well.

I told him of the men who died  
In frozen wood and countryside  
Long years ago in battles grim  
To keep a flag like that for him.  
I told him all about the stars,  
The spotless white and crimson bars,  
And what they dreamed of and they  
sought  
As bitterly they bled and fought.

"Let no one tell you as you grow  
That nothing to the flag you owe.  
Let no one whisper that it means  
But pleasant days and peaceful scenes,  
And merely calls to mind a land  
Where wealth abounds on every hand,  
Because no more that flag will fly  
When men for it refuse to die.

"And it may be," said I, "that you  
Must some day serve that banner too,  
And then if such a day should come  
That sounds again the stirring drum  
And blows once more the martial life,  
Be not a slave to peaceful life,  
As they were men, you be a man  
And give that flag the best you can."  
—Detroit Free Press.

### OUR FLAG.

The symbol of our heart's desire,  
Conceived from sentiment of a thou-  
sand years  
Of blind and savage strife with sword  
and fire  
Amidst a world of gloom at blood  
and tears,  
Nourished with cunning greed, with  
spite and hate,  
With reason's price, usurper's tyrant  
right.

Increased prejudice of race and  
state,  
And slaying millions, victims of their  
might.

The symbol of the dreamer, saint and  
sage,  
True patriot and lover of the race,  
Whose thought clear, has guided be  
and the age  
Of war and hate the last of pomp  
and state  
And who in terrible vision saw  
A world in perfect peace and firm  
stead.

With truth and beauty, justice and  
the free,  
Were intertwined and merry thrush  
the song.

And oceans, with beneficence and love,  
Accepted and shared in every state,  
To each and every heart, below, above,  
To feed and master of our world and  
fate.

To each, our flag and symbol, do we  
bow,  
And to salute with reverent humble  
heart  
And all devotion's praise and fervor  
offer  
From which true love of man and  
country start.

Is it we read one hope for future  
peace,  
The language of the pure, the great

# WILLIAM TELL FLOUR

"Please cut me a piece!  
Mother made this cake with  
WILLIAM TELL FLOUR"  
DAISY BAKER

and good.  
Which lift above the strife, the gloom  
and tears  
To universal peace and brotherhood.  
Let none profane, degrade or read amiss  
It's high behest, or hide beneath its  
folds

Their better thoughts, and schemes,  
with acts remote  
And repudiate, or blind to what it  
holds:  
The demagog in patriotic guise,  
To weld the mob for low and selfish  
ends:  
The partisan who in his zeal to rise,  
Exalts the flag to either foe or  
friend:  
The nationalist, with narrow, classish  
pride  
In nation, family, sect, or race, or  
clan,  
Or, in his wide domain, and power, tried  
By selfish conquest of his fellow  
man;  
Or liberal, impatient of restraint  
In scorn of pious form, or Providence,  
In freedom's holy name, with loud com-  
plaint,  
Inspiring more to increase than to  
secure;  
Or patriot, aroused with drum and fire,  
With cheer for "lily livered," and  
his like,  
And "mollycoddle," "quitter," hat-  
ing strife  
And coward pacifist, afraid to strike:  
The patriot of fit, of gun and sword,  
Of waving banners, pomp and loud  
huzzah  
And carnal force, the god of war his  
lord,  
Their might, his inspiration and his  
law,  
His flag to vaunt his glory, wealth and  
fame,  
Assert his might, or taunt a conquer-  
ed foe  
Or on the bloody field, when passion  
flame,  
To fan to fury for the fatal blow.

Let none of these degrade our country's  
flag,  
The one inspiring symbol of the race,  
Let not disordered human fragments  
drag  
It sullied and unpoised from its place.  
Eternal, potent, may it wave on high,  
Its clear, unsullied stars and stripes  
unfaded  
In heaven's blue, man's symbol in the  
sky,  
Presiding peace and justice round  
the world.

A. C. Reid.

### MY DADDY'S FLAG

I remember 'way back, just after the  
war,  
When the soldiers paraded by,  
There was one bright spot in that line  
of blue  
That captured my boyish eye.

I loved the banner, I loved the big guns,  
I loved the soldiers brave,  
But the one thing I loved the most  
Was the flag they fought to save.

And daddy would whisper to my hand,  
And with voice so strained it shook,  
Would whisper, "There she goes, boy!

See her waving? Look, boy! Look!

"That's your flag, boy, and my flag,  
And my daddy's flag, flowing free;  
And the flag that was good enough for  
daddy  
Is good enough for me."

The flag that has traveled in every  
clime,  
With no stain of defeat,  
The flag that's bro't glory and honor  
home  
And laid them at our feet.

The grand old flag of Santiago,  
With Schley on that July day,  
The flag that shone thro' the battle  
smoke  
With Dewey at Manila Bay;

The flag that flew on San Juan Hill,  
In a cause that could not lose,  
The flag they bore thro' that rain of  
hell  
When our tars stormed Vera Cruz!

And again I feel my daddy's hand,  
And in his memory say  
When I see my own boy watching  
His boy, with the flag at play:

"That's your flag, boy, and my flag,  
And my daddy's flag, flowing free;  
And the flag that was good enough for  
daddy  
Is good enough for me."

### THEIR MOTHERLAND.

Not so much for rhythmic merit as  
for the sentiment involved, these lines  
have been winning attention. They  
were written by Father Frost, rector  
of St. John's Church in New York, who  
was an Austrian by birth, and address-  
ed to "Ye Teutons of America."

All you who left your native land  
For exile which you could not stand,  
Because of rulers' pride and spite  
Which stored up workmen's sweat for  
fight,  
And took from all they made and ate  
The greater part for warring hates:  
Be true to this adopted clime  
Where you've enjoyed such better time.

For here is where you could attain  
Such peace and freedom which in vain  
You sought in that much governed land,  
Which armed to blind you and  
hate:  
And here with all your thrift and might  
You've gained in ease and wealth and  
right:  
So stand by this, your motherland,  
Which keeps and feeds you from its  
hand.

Taught not by schemers or plots to win  
Against three shores which took you in,  
For these a traitor's mark you'd brand  
In all the sons of Teuton's land;  
And never again you could regain  
The trust and honor you retain;  
So, stepmen, then from fatherland,  
Be true to this, your motherland.

And with voice so strained it shook,  
Would whisper, "There she goes, boy!

## DUCK RAISING.

By G. E. Conkey.

With all the present cry for more  
poultry to feed ourselves and our al-  
lies, with all prospects pointing to high-  
er prices for fowl of all kind than we  
have ever known, I want to direct  
your attention to a branch of the poul-  
try industry which has never been fully  
appreciated. I refer to duck rais-  
ing. Duck raising is a very profitable  
occupation. Ducks are easier to man-  
age than chickens, have fewer diseases  
and mature more quickly. It takes  
good sense and proper attention to de-  
tails, however, to make a success of  
the business.

While ducks are raised chiefly for  
meat, their eggs are valuable food.  
Ducks eggs are large and always com-  
mand from five to ten cents more than  
hens eggs per dozen in the market. For  
cooking they go about one third far-  
ther. With proper management and care,  
the peculiar flavor which has always  
been an objection can be eliminated.  
Ducks are usually hatched and brood-  
ed artificially in large numbers but  
where there are only a few it is cus-  
tomary to hatch with hens, as ducks  
prove unreliable. The eggs will require  
twenty eight days for hatching.

Young ducks should not be exposed  
to the hot sun without available shade  
nor, in the downy stage, allowed out  
in rainstorms as this will produce harm-  
ful results.

## VARIETIES.

The American Standard of Perfec-  
tion recognizes eleven varieties: The  
Aylesbury, which is the market duck  
of England, a white bird, good laying  
and rapid growing; the Rouen, bril-  
liantly colored; the Pekin, which is  
the favorite market duck of America,  
the largest white duck in the world, of  
early maturing and good laying qual-  
ities; the Cayuga, a black American  
duck; Buff, a popular variety; Crest-  
ed White; Runner, the best laying;  
the Swedish Blue; The Muscovy, white and  
colored; the Gray Call, used mostly for  
decoys; and the East India, white and  
black.

The favorites are the Pekin and Run-  
ner. The Pekin was first brought here  
from China in 1875, and is now used  
more than any other bird for market.  
They are a large early maturing, pure,  
white breed and much liked for "green  
duck" farming as they usually weigh  
over five pounds in ten weeks. The  
standard weight is about 8 or 9 pounds.  
The feathers command double prices as  
they are pure white, elastic, and largely  
mixed with down.

The Runner is just one-half as large  
as the Pekin, and is not the equal for  
market purposes. However, Runners  
are wonderful layers, with a yearly av-  
erage that will run from 180 to 190 eggs  
per duck. The eggs of the runner are  
about the same size as those of the  
larger breeds.

## HOW TO START.

Start with a good breed and fine  
vigorous specimens. Select your breeding  
stock from the early hatches, as ducks  
will lay about two months before the  
drakes are fit to be used for breeding.  
At the beginning of the mating season,  
mate the drake with from five to eight  
ducks and later in the season increase  
this to ten or twelve. It is better to  
have a pond or stream handy but this  
is not absolutely necessary. In raising  
ducks for market, keep them from the  
pools as they will fatten more rapidly.  
When fed on a good buttermilk start-  
ing food for the critical first three  
weeks of their life, so that their organs  
strengthen properly, young ducks can  
be fitted for market as "green ducks,"  
weighing easily five or six pounds, in  
nine to eleven weeks.

## HOUSING.

Keep their houses as dry as possible.  
Ducks can stand cold and snow but if  
the feet become chilled, egg production  
will immediately stop. Keep the lit-  
ter on the floor clean as this is their  
resting place. Be sure and have a  
rat-proof floor.

## FEEDING.

Keep plenty of water handy day and  
night but do not allow the young ducks  
to go to the swimming places until they  
are feathered out. As the ducks  
have no crop, do not feed the heavy  
grains—maize feed is better. Being  
natural foragers, they can secure a  
great deal of food if allowed to roam  
range. If confined, feed plenty of  
green food.

As with chickens, ducks should not  
be fed for the first 48 hours. Then start  
the young ducks on a mixture of two  
parts wheat bran and one part corn  
meal, maintaining slightly with water or  
milk. Mix in one raw egg with each  
quart, and also a little sand or fine grit.  
Molasses rolled oats with a chopped  
egg added to each pint is another good  
ration. Give them clean water in a  
dish so arranged that they can put in  
most of the head but not their body.  
You will find, however, that you will  
get the best results if you feed a good  
reliable buttermilk starting food, as  
that has just enough buttermilk as to  
be balanced right for the sensitive  
little organs. This will be all the feed  
they will need for the first two weeks.  
The third week add a small amount of  
a mixture of two parts wheat bran and  
one part corn meal gradually reducing  
clean.

## SOUTH PARIS

A special town meeting has been  
called for next Saturday to see if they  
will vote to raise \$10,000 more for the  
new brick schoolhouse.

The first shoes were cut at the Paris  
Shoe Co. on High street, Tuesday, May  
15. There are two cutters at work.

The water in Stony Brook is so low  
that W. E. Kenney has started his saw  
mill on steam power.

The Paris Manufacturing Co. have  
given their employees an advance of 10  
per cent to their present wages to be  
payable the first of each month.

Rev. Chester Gore Miller is going to  
plant from 20 to 25 acres of beans this  
spring.

Betty Carter, the little five-year-old  
daughter of Howard W. Carter of West-  
ern avenue, was taken to the U. M. G.  
hospital at Lewiston last Tuesday for  
an operation for adenoids. Upon op-  
erating they found an abscess in the  
throat. Mrs. Carter and Dr. Littlefield  
accompanied her and Mrs. Carter re-  
mained over night as Betty was unable  
to be moved home.

Mrs. Fred Evans has returned to her  
home in Errol, N. H., after a stay of a  
few days with her aunt, Mrs. Martha  
Evans, and Mrs. Carrie Lane, a sister  
to Mrs. Evans is here from Upton, stay-  
ing with Mrs. Evans until her health  
improves. Her home is going to be  
closed for the summer.

June 1 all schools here in the vil-  
lage will close for the day in order  
to give each pupil an opportunity to do  
some planting.

The boys in Company F will give a  
drill in the Grange Hall, Tuesday ev-  
ening before the dance that is to be  
given by Howard Shaw.

Tag Day, which was held Saturday,  
was a great success. It was almost im-  
possible for any one to pass the enthu-  
siastic girls who were selling them at  
any price one wished to pay and the  
amount realized was about \$12.00.

The funeral services of Walter L.  
Bonney were held at 2 o'clock, Satur-  
day afternoon at the home of his sis-  
ter, Mrs. Nettie Merrill, attended by  
Rev. H. C. Newton. The Mount Zion  
Lodge of Odd Fellows were also in at-  
tendance. Burial was at Riverside  
cemetery. There were many beautiful  
floral tributes.

The Epworth League of Deering Me-  
morial Church recently elected its of-  
ficers to serve for the ensuing year as  
follows:

President—Richard Millett.  
First Vice Pres.—Herman Barnett.  
Second Vice Pres.—Florence Leach.  
Third Vice Pres.—Edna Keniston.  
Fourth Vice Pres.—Mary Abbott.  
Sec.—Marion Simpson.

Treas.—Lester Wood.  
The installation of officers occurred  
Sunday evening in the vestry and was  
conducted by the pastor.

Carroll Cook, a recruiting officer for  
the Army, was in town, Friday.

Miss Ida Greely is visiting relatives  
at Lewiston.

The prepared food from day to day un-  
til at the end of the week the new food  
is being given entirely.

Feed the young ducks several times  
a day giving just enough so they eat it  
all up clean. Do not allow any to stand  
around to become spoiled.

Regardless of the method of feeding  
used for the younger ducks, at the  
fourth week the percentage of corn  
meal should still be gradually increased  
using 5 per cent beef scrap. At six  
weeks they should be getting equal  
parts of bran and corn meal and allow-  
ing about 15 per cent of beef scrap.  
Five per cent of course or chick grit  
should be used in all mashes used for  
young ducks.

For market ducks from this time on,  
increase the corn meal or add a little  
low grade flour. The ducks should be  
ready for selling in ten weeks. In fat-  
tening, limit the green food. Feed some  
green food but not too much as the  
skins will become yellow and the mar-  
ket demands white skin.

Give breeding stock a free range if  
possible. For the morning mash give  
three parts (by weight), wheat bran,  
one part low grade flour, one part corn  
meal. Add 5 per cent beef scrap and  
3 per cent fine grit. Feed about the  
same in the evening. For laying stock,  
as 1 ducks commence to lay when about  
five months old, give equal parts (by  
weight) of corn meal, wheat bran and  
low grade flour with about 15 per cent  
beef scrap. To this add one-fourth  
cooked vegetables, such as potatoes or  
turnips. Mix with a little cold water  
to a crumbly feed. Another ration is  
three parts (by weight) cornmeal, two  
parts wheat bran, one part low grade  
flour, one part alfalfa, meal, cut clover  
or vegetables, one part beef scrap.  
Either of these can be fed twice per  
day with a touch feed of a little corn,  
wheat and oats.

Usually the flocks are brought in  
from range the last of November. Af-  
ter being put on the laying ration, they  
should commence laying in three weeks.  
Ducks lay early in the morning, there-  
fore confine in the house till about eight  
o'clock. They make little use of nests,  
so the litter on the floor should be  
clean.

**K**  
JAN  
OLIV  
CUR

CHAPTER I—K  
dog, one-quarter  
"cherry" blood  
to love his master  
to him in new and

CHAPTER II—H  
McCreedy, the  
and his v  
camp.

CHAPTER III—  
Caddy is a munda  
tacks him, Thor  
Caddy tries to  
tacks Isabel. Kaz  
feeling the club in  
into the forest.

CHAPTER IV—J  
mistress, the fear  
the desires of the  
at length made for

CHAPTER V—K  
wolves, fight their  
tor of the pack,  
Wolf.

CHAPTER VI—V  
tack, "There's the  
and her baby, but  
turns dog again a  
wolves.

CHAPTER VII—V  
dressed and he is  
CHAPTER VIII—  
the sleds, Gray  
tence, Pierre drea  
their home on the

"There's the r  
his voice faint a  
camp here now a  
to pass."

Under a thick  
put up the tent,  
ering firewood. J  
soon as they had  
eaten a supper of  
biscuits, Joan we  
dropped exhausti  
of balsam bough  
and the baby up  
blankets. Tonight  
for Kazan. And  
she was too tired  
and talk. And yet  
Kazan's alert e  
suddenly. He ro  
the sleds and he  
drew back the fir  
head and should  
"Sleep, Joan?"  
"Almost, father  
come—soon?"

"After I smoke,  
comfortable?"  
"Yes, I'm goi  
Pierre laughed  
ness he was gripp  
"We're almost  
our river out ther  
If I should run d  
night you could f  
cabin. It's only t  
heart?"

"Yes—I know—  
"Forty miles—  
river. You couldn  
Only you'd have  
holes in the ice."

"Won't you com  
Yaro tired—and  
"Joan, will you  
morrow of the al  
get. You can all  
the snow and the  
whiter than on the  
like a sponge. W  
the airholes—"

"Yes—"

Pierre dropped  
turned to the fire  
he walked.

"Good night, boy  
I'd better go in  
days more—forty  
Kazan watched  
the tent. He laid  
the end of his ch  
about off his wind  
twisted. In that  
had gone were Jo  
knew that Pierre,  
but he knew, a  
Radisson something  
pending was hovi  
them. He wanted  
by the fire—wher  
and watch him.

In the tent ther  
er to him than  
Wolf's cry. Each  
ing earlier, and c  
camp. He wanted  
him tonight, but he  
in response. He d  
strange silence in  
still for a long ti  
from the day's jo  
The fire burned low  
tree logs flared aw  
gray clouds rolled  
from under th  
began to glow wh  
from far in the n  
crisping, moaning  
slight runners r  
snow—the mysteri  
northern lights.  
steadily and swiftl

Tonight Gray W  
himself by the di  
She followed him  
over the trail Pi  
made, and when  
again, long after h  
his head erect, and  
for a curious twi  
there was a new  
voice, a wailing  
was more than th  
The morning. An



# KAZAN

## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Kazan, the wild sledge dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarters husky, distrustful of all men because of their brutal treatment of him, is loathe to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

CHAPTER II.—He shows snarling animosity to McCready, who is to accompany him and his wife to the Red River camp.

CHAPTER III.—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer, and that he is a murderer because he has killed a man. He is loathe to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

CHAPTER IV.—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer, and that he is a murderer because he has killed a man. He is loathe to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

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could drink. The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babble cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles! She clutched her hands at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghastly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan fought to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river again Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her, she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with sweetness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by death night.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak. But she was very still. He thrust his nose into her loose hair. A white rose in his throat, and suddenly he raised his head and sniffed in the face of the wind. Something came to him with that wind. He moaned Joan again, but she did not stir. Then he went forward, and stood in his traces, ready for the pull, and looked back at her. Still she did not

move or speak, and Kazan's white gave place to a sharp, excited bark. The strange thing in the wind came to him stronger for a moment. He began to pull. The sledge runners had frozen to the snow, and it took every ounce of his strength to free them. Twice during the next five minutes he stopped and sniffed the air. The third time, that he halted, in a drift of snow, he returned to Joan's side again, and waited to awaken her. Then he tugged again at the end of his traces, and foot by foot he dragged the sledge through the drift. Beyond the drift there was a stretch of clear ice, and here Kazan rested. During a lull in the wind the scent came to him stronger than before.

At the end of the clear ice was a narrow break in the shore, where a creek ran into the main stream. If Joan had been conscious she would have urged him straight ahead. But Kazan turned into the break, and for ten minutes he struggled through the snow without a rest, whining more and more frequently, until at last the white broke into a joyous bark. Ahead of him, close to the creek, was a small cabin. It was the scent of smoke that had come to him in the wind. A hard, level slope reached to the cabin door, and with the last strength that was in him, Kazan dragged his burden up that. Then he settled himself back beside Joan, lifted his shaggy head to the dark sky and howled.

A moment later the door opened. A man came out. Kazan's reddened, snow-shot eyes followed him watchfully as he ran to the sledge. He heard his startled exclamation as he bent over Joan. In another lull of the wind there came from out of the mass of furs on the sledge the wailing, half-smothered voice of baby Joan.

A deep sigh of relief heaved up from Kazan's chest. He was exhausted. His strength was gone. His feet were torn and bleeding. But the voice of baby Joan filled him with a strange happiness, and he lay down in his traces, while the man carried Joan and the baby into the life and warmth of the cabin.

A few minutes later the man reappeared. He was not old, like Pierre Radisson. He came close to Kazan, and looked down at him. "My God!" he said. "And you did that alone!"

He bent down fearlessly, unfastened him from the traces, and led him toward the cabin door. Kazan hesitated but once—almost on the threshold. He turned his head, swift and alert. From out of the moaning and wailing of the storm it seemed to him that for a moment he had heard the voice of Gray Wolf.

Then the cabin door closed behind him. Back in a shadowy corner of the cabin he lay, while the man prepared something over a hot stove for Joan. It was a long time before Joan rose from the cot on which the man had placed her. After that Kazan heard her sobbing; and then the man made her out, and for a time they talked.

Then the stranger hung up a big blubber in front of the bunk, and sat down close to the stove. Quietly Kazan slipped along the wall, and crept under the bunk. For a long time he could hear the sobbing breath of the girl. Then all was still.

The next morning he slipped out through the door when the man opened it, and sped swiftly into the forest. Half a mile away he found the trail of Gray Wolf, and called to her. From the frozen river came her reply, and he went to her.

Yahly Gray Wolf tried to lure him back into their old haunts—away from the cabin and the scent of man. Late that morning the man harnessed his dogs, and from the fringe of the forest Kazan saw him tug Joan and the baby among the furs on the sledge, as old Pierre had done. All that day he followed in the trail of the team, with Gray Wolf slinking behind him. They traveled until dark; and then, under the stars and the moon that had followed the storm, the man still urged on his team. It was deep in the night when they came to another cabin, and the man beat upon the door. A light, the opening of the door, the joyous welcome of a man's voice, Joan's sobbing cry—Kazan heard these from the shadows in which he was hidden, and then slipped back to Gray Wolf.

In the days and weeks that followed Joan's homecoming the lure of the cabin and of the woman's hand held Kazan. As he had tolerated Pierre, so now he tolerated the younger man who lived with Joan and the baby. He knew that the man was very dear to Joan, and that the baby was very dear to him, as it was to the girl. It was not until the third day that Joan succeeded in coaxing him into the cabin—and that was the day on which the man returned with the dead and frozen body of Pierre. It was Joan's husband who first found the name on the collar he wore, and they began calling him Kazan.

Half a mile away, at the summit of a huge mass of rock which the Indians called the Sun Rock, he and Gray Wolf had found a home; and from here they went down to their hunts on the plain, and often the girl's voice reached up to them, calling, "Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

Through all the long winter Kazan hovered thus between the lure of Joan and the cabin—and Gray Wolf. Then came spring—and the Great Change.

CHAPTER X.

The Great Change.

The scent of balsam and of spruce grew heavier in the air each day, and all through the wilderness, in plain and forest, there was the rippling murmur of the spring floods finding their way to Hudson's bay. In that great bay there was the rumble and crash of the ice fields thundering down in the early break-up through the Ross-Welcomes doorway to the Arctic, and for that reason there still came with the April wind an occasional sharp breath of winter.

Kazan had sheltered himself against that wind. Not a breath of air stirred in the sunny spot the wolf-dog had chosen for himself. He was more comfortable than he had been at any time during the six months of terrible winter—and as he slept he dreamed.

Gray Wolf, his wild mate, lay near him, flat on her belly, her forepaws reaching out, her eyes and nostrils as keen and alert as the smell of man could make them. For there was that smell of man, as well as of balsam and spruce, in the warm spring air. She gazed anxiously and sometimes steadily, at Kazan as he slept. Her own gray spine stiffened when she saw the heavy hair along Kazan's back bristle at some dream vision. She whined softly as his upper lip snarled back, showing his long, white fangs. But, for the most part, Kazan lay quiet, save for the muscular twitchings of legs, shoulders and muzzle, which always tell when a dog is dreaming; and as he dreamed there came to the door of the cabin out on the plain a blue-eyed girl—woman, with a big brown braid over her shoulder, who called through the cup of her hands, "Kazan, Kazan, Kazan!"

The voice reached faintly to the top of the Sun Rock, and Gray Wolf flattened her ears. Kazan stirred, and in another instant he was awake and on his feet. He leaped to an outcropping ledge, sniffing the air and looking far out over the plain that lay below them.

Over the plain the woman's voice came to them again, and Kazan ran to the edge of the rock and whined. Gray Wolf stepped softly to his side and laid her muzzle on his shoulder. She had grown to know what the Voice meant. Day and night she feared it, more than she feared the scent or sound of man.

Since she had given up the pack and her old life for Kazan, the Voice had become Gray Wolf's greatest enemy, and she hated it. It took Kazan from her. And wherever it went, Kazan followed.

Night after night it robbed her of her mate, and left her to wander alone under the stars and the moon, keeping faithfully to her loneliness, and never once responding with her own tongue to the hunt-calls of her wild brothers and sisters in the forests and out on the plains. Usually she would snarl at the Voice, and sometimes nip Kazan lightly to show her displeasure. But today, as the Voice came a third time, she snuck back into the darkness of a fissure between two rocks, and Kazan saw only the fiery glow of her eyes.

Kazan ran nervously to the trail, their feet had worn up to the top of the Sun Rock, and stood undecided. All day, and yesterday, he had been uneasy and disturbed. Whatever it was that stirred him seemed to be in the air, for he could not see it or hear it or scent it. But he could feel it. He went to the fissure and sniffed at Gray Wolf. Usually she whined coaxingly. But her response today was to draw back her lips until he could see her white fangs.

A fourth time the Voice came to them faintly, and she snapped fiercely at some unseen thing in the darkness between the two rocks. Kazan went to the trail, still hesitating. Then he began to go down. It was a narrow, winding trail, worn only by the pads and claws of animals, for the Sun Rock was a huge crag that rose almost sheer up for a hundred feet above the tops of the spruce and balsam, its bald

crest catching the first gleams of the sun in the morning and the last glow of it in the evening. Gray Wolf had first led Kazan to the security of the retreat at the top of the rock.

When he reached the bottom he no longer hesitated, but darted swiftly in the direction of the cabin. Because of that instinct of the wild that was still in him, he always approached the cabin with caution. He never gave warning, and for a moment Joan was startled when she looked up from her baby and saw Kazan's shaggy head, and shoulders in the open door. The baby struggled and kicked in her cot.

Darted swiftly in the direction of the Cabin.

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light, and held out her two hands with cooling cries to Kazan. Joan, too, held out a hand.

"Kazan!" she cried softly. "Come in, Kazan!"

Slowly the wild red light in Kazan's eyes softened. He put a forefoot on the sill, and stood there, while the girl urged him again. Suddenly his legs seemed to sink a little under him, his tail drooped and he slunk in with that doggy air of having committed a crime. The creature he loved were in the cabin, but the cabin itself he hated. He hated all cabins, for they all breathed of the club and the whip bondage. Like all the sledge-dogs, he preferred the open snow for a bed, and the spruce-tops for shelter.

Joan dropped her hand to his head, and at its touch there thrilled through him that strange joy that was his reward for leaving Gray Wolf and the wild. Slowly he raised his head until his black muzzle rested on her lap, and he closed his eyes while that wonderful little creature that mystified him so—the baby—purred him with her tiny feet, and pulled his tawny hair. He loved these baby-muzzles even more than the touch of Joan's hand. Motionless, sphinxlike, undemonstrative in every muscle of his body, Kazan stood, scarcely breathing. More than once this lack of demonstration had urged Joan's husband to warn her. But the wolf that was in Kazan, his wild aloofness, even his mating with Gray Wolf had made her love him more. She understood, and had faith in him.

In the days of the last snow Kazan had proved himself. A neighboring trapper had run over with his team, and the baby Joan had toddled up to one of the big huskies. There was a fierce snarl of jaws, a scream of horror from Joan, a shout from the men as they leaped toward the pack. But Kazan was ahead of them all. In a gray streak that traveled with the speed of a bullet he was at the big husky's throat. When they pulled him off, the husky was dead. Joan thought of that now, as the baby kicked and tossed Kazan's head.

"Good old Kazan," she cried softly, putting her face down close to him. "We're glad you came, Kazan, for we're going to be alone tonight—baby and I. Daddy's gone to the post, and you must care for us while he's away." She tickled his nose with the end of her long shining braid. Thus always delighted the baby, for in spite of his stoicism Kazan had to smile and sometimes to sneeze, and twig his ears. And it pleased him, too. He loved the sweet scent of Joan's hair.

"And you'd fight for us, if you had to, wouldn't you?" she went on. "Then she rose quietly. 'I must close the door,' she said. 'I don't want you to go away again tonight, Kazan. You must stay with us.'"

Kazan went off to his corner, and lay down. Just as there had been some strange thing at the top of the Sun Rock to disturb him that day, so now there was a mystery that disturbed him in the cabin. He sniffed the air, trying to fathom its secret. Whatever it was, it seemed to make his mistress different, too. And she was digging out all sorts of odds and ends of things about the cabin, and doing them up in packages. Late that night, before she went to bed, Joan came and snuggled her hand close down beside him for a few moments.

"We're going away," she whispered, and there was a curious tremble that was almost a sob in her voice. "We're going home, Kazan. We're going away down where his people live—where they have churches, and cities, and music, and all the beautiful things in the world. And we're going to take you, Kazan!"

Kazan didn't understand. But he was happy at having the woman so near to him, and talking to him. At these times he forgot Gray Wolf. The dog that was in him surged over his quarter-strain of wildness, and the woman and the baby alone filled his world. After Joan had gone to her bed, and all was quiet in the cabin, his old uneasiness returned. He rose to his feet and moved stealthily about the cabin, sniffing at the walls, the door, and the things his mistress had done into packages. A low whine rose in his throat. Joan, half asleep, heard it, and murmured:

"Be quiet, Kazan. Go to sleep—go to sleep!"

Long after that, Kazan stood rigid in the center of the room, listening, trembling. And faintly he heard, far away, the wailing cry of Gray Wolf. But tonight it was not the cry of loneliness. It sent a thrill through him. He ran to the door, and whined, but Joan was deep in slumber and did not hear him. Once more he heard the cry, and only once. Then the night grew still. He crouched down near the door.

Joan found him there, still watchful, still listening, when she awoke in the early morning. She came to open the door for him, and in a moment he was gone. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he sped in the direction of the Sun Rock. Across the plain he could see the cap of it already pointed with a golden glow.

(Continued Next Week.)

Men Drilling for National Preparedness.

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He Was Very Quiet.

In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!" She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible moaning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have been under-stood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan sunk herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard no sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the arctic, the home forty miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan!" He had guessed what might happen.

She handled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a blizzard, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she



Darted Swiftly in the Direction of the Cabin.

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